'Comedy, Tragedy, History' lyrics

That boy Akala's a Diamond Fella
All you little boys are a Comedy of errors
You bellow but you fellows get played like
The cello, I'm doing my ting
You're jealous like Othello.
Who you? What ya gonna do?
Little boys get Tamed like the Shrew
You're midsummer dreamin'
Your tunes ain't appealing
I'm Capulet, you're Montague, I ain't feelin'
I am the Julius Caesar here, me
The Merchant Of Venice couldn't sell your CD
As for me, All's Well That Ends Well
Your boy's like Macbeth, it's not going swell
Measure for Measure, I am the best here
You're Merry Wives of Windsor not King Lear
I don't know about Timon
I know he was in Athens
Back like Hamlet you pay for your actions
That boy Akala, I do it As You Like It
You're Much Ado About Nothing
All you do is bite it
I'm too tight, I don't need 12 nights
All you little Tempests, destroyed on the mic
Of course I am the one with the force
You're history like Henry IV
I'm fire, things look dire
Better run like Pericles, Prince Of Tyre
Off the scale, cold as A Winter's Tale
Titus Andronicus was bound to fail
So will you if Akala gets at ya
That's suicide like Anthony and Cleopatra
Cymbeline a modern day Bridget Jones
Love's labour's lost, a woman on her own
She needed Two Gentlemen Of Verona
This is Illa State and I am the owner!
Wise is the man that knows he's a fool
Tempt not a desperate man with a jewel
Why take from Peter to go pay Paul?
Some rise by sin and by virtue fall
What have you made if you gain the whole world
But sell your own soul for the price of a pearl?
The world is my oyster and I am starving
I want much more than a penny or a farthing
I told no joke, I hope you're not laughing

Poet or pauper which do you class him?
Speak eloquent, though I am resident to the gritty inner city
That's surely irrelevant
Call it urban, call it street
A rose by any other name, smells just as sweet
Spit so hard, but I'm smart as the Bard
Come through with a Union Jack for the yard
Akala, Akala, where for art thou?
I'm the rap Shakespeare The secret's out now
Chance never did crown me, this is destiny
You still talk but it still perplexes me
Devour cowards, thousands per hour
Don't you know the king's name is a tower
You should never speak it
It is not a secret
I teach theses, like ancient Greece's
Or Egyptology, never no apology
In my mind's eye, I see things properly
Stoppin' me, nah you could never possibly
I bare a charmed life, most probably
For certain I speak daggers in a phrase
I'll put an end to your dancing days
No matter what you say, it will never work
Wrens can't make prey
Where eagles won't perch
I'm the worst with the words
'Cos I curse all my verbs
I'm the first with a verse to rehearse with a nurse
Hearse for the first jerk who turn berserk
Off with his head, 'cos it must not work
Testing Akala? That is true madness
And there's no method in it just sadness
I speak with daggers and the hammers
Of a passion when I'm rappin' I attack 'em
In a military fashion
Pattern of my rappin' chattin' couldn't ever map it
And I run more rings round things than Saturn
Sick, never slackin' like a pig with a baton
Verses split big kids' wigs when I'm rappin'
That boy Akala, the rap Shakespeare
Didn't want to listen when I said last year
Rich as a gem in an Ethiope's ear
Tell 'em all again
For them who never hear

Comedy, Tragedy, History

Akala's Slang Dictionary

fella = man
bite it = steal lyrics
tight = good at rapping
illa State = Akala's record label
yard = Jamaica
wigs = heads

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